



In loving remembrance of the dear ones who perished on the Great Lakes, 9th November, 1913.

The voice of our dear ones we now hear no more,
They have fallen asleep on some cold, lonely shore,
Our circle is broken, our tears often flow
For those dear ones who've gone to a deep grave below.

They're all missed at home, so lonely and sad,
Their places of childhood where all once was glad;
They'll be missed at meal-time, their voice no more here,
But still there are times when we think they are near.

They are missed in the morning, at noon, and at night,
Their duties were hard, yet it's ever in sight;
We try to be cheerful, but sorrow will come,
When we think of our dear ones so far from their home.

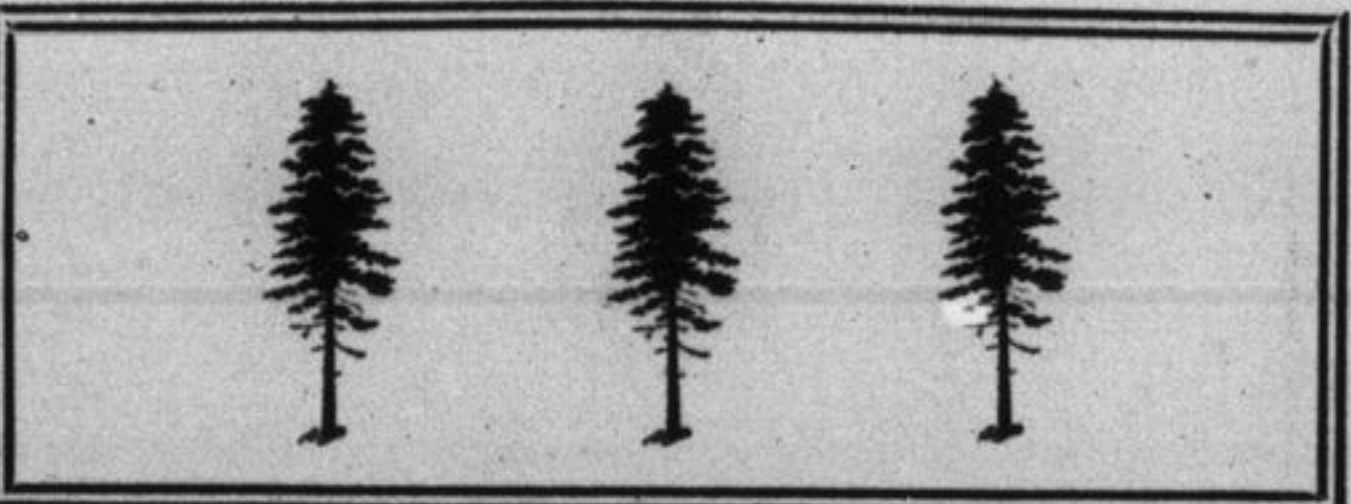
Heaven now retains our treasure,
All the lakes some dear ones keep,
And the sea-gulls long to linger
Where our dear ones lay asleep.

Oh! dear one, thy gentle voice is hushed,
Your warm, true heart is still,
And on your pale and peaceful face
Is resting death's cold chill.

Your hands are not placed on your breast,
No one has kissed your brow,
But in our aching hearts we know
We have lost some dear ones now.

Here let us wait with patience,
Wait till the storm is o'er,
We may hear of some dear ones
Alive on some lonely shore.

—J. N. CHAPMAN, Str. "Hester."



LEST WE FORGET.

Tap, tap, tap,—can't you hear it against your window—beating with tattered wings—feebly fluttering—gently calling you?

There's a lost dream out there under the winking stars—a dream born in the simple trust of childhood—once radiant with faith, but now spent and weary with journeying from heart to heart.

Ever so many years ago you, too, sped such a hope-spangled message into the dark. When the first crystal skies broke into diamond dust and silvered copse and mead, your imagination leaped astride a prancing snowdrop and went riding across the hills and over the woods, upon a moonbeam, to Santa Claus and whispered your yearnings into his kind old ears.

And sure enough, when you slipped out of bed, and crept downstairs on Christmas morning, there was the tree exactly as you wanted it, and the stockings filled precisely as you expected, with the orange bulging in the toe and the monkey-on-the-stick grinning impudently at the top.

The memory of your first sled is still as vivid as its coat of crimson. You didn't tell him to decorate it and it was mighty fine of him to put such a beautiful oil painting in the middle.

You had taken your Mother into your confidence, so she knew every item of the list; and my! but wasn't she surprised to think old Santa Claus, with all the other children in the world to look out for, had remembered you so generously?

The very fact that God guided our hopes to safety should make us so grateful for memories that bring with them the faces and voices of dearly beloved ones asleep under weeping willows and brooding cypresses—that it ought to be a joy to bring happiness in their names. —Herbert Kauffman, in Woman's World for December.

Independent.

The elephant—I suppose if we travel together you'll be wanting to put your clothes in my trunk?
The Bulldog—Not at all, old man; I've got a good grip of my own.

Rather.

Teacher, somebody hit me on the head with a horse-shoe.
"Well, now, Tommy, that's what I call hard luck."

Course Work.

A dentist, having quarrelled with the restaurant keeper next door, put a card in his window reading:
"Teeth sharpened to tackle tough steaks."

Posted.

"You seem to be very intimate with the Digbya. I didn't know you had met them."
"I haven't met them. I patronize their dressmaker."

The Business of a Wife

A writer who has achieved national fame through his novels of Western life met a newspaper friend. The newspaper friend complimented the novelist on his latest product.

"You're certainly doing good work, and you certainly look mighty healthy and happy in spite of the hard work," he commented.

"That's because my wife takes such good care of me," explained the novelist. "When a man has a wife like mine he just naturally does his best. She keeps me fit mentally and physically. You see, she looks upon me and our boys as her business, and naturally she is interested in making a success of the business."

Say—How many wives look upon their husbands like that?

Take your husband, now—you've invested in him, haven't you? You've practically staked your life, liberty, happiness, and hopes of fortune in him. He is your business just as surely as a factory is the business of the man who owns it.

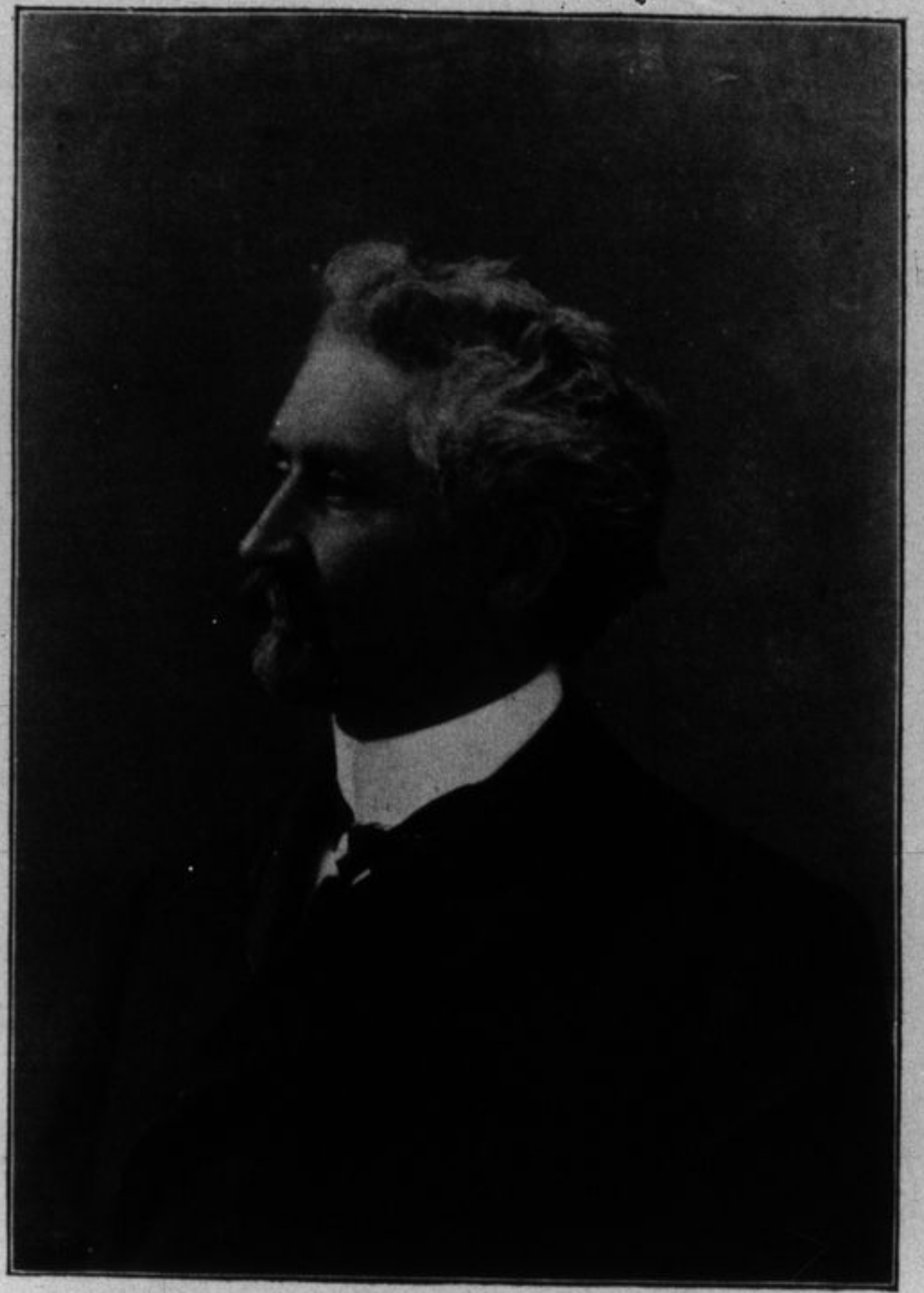
But how are you attending to your business?

Are you giving it your best time and thought? Are you studying how to develop it? Are you promoting your own efficiency in order to promote your business? Do you respect your business for what it is worth to you, and love it for what it brings you?

It seems to me that successful men are usually married to women who stick around to attend to business.

A man who is neglected at home has small chance to accomplish any of the bigger things. He may manage to get money enough to supply the wants of his household, even if they are extravagant; but that doesn't mean that he is a success. Only the right sort of a wife can make a man truly successful in physical and mental well-being, in contentment, in pride, in well-rounded achievement.

If a woman would get good returns from her family she must make that family her business. It must be her pride. And she should judge her own worth according to the success of her management.



Alderman

**ABRAHAM SHAW
MAYORALTY
CANDIDATE**

Wishes to extend through the Whig's Christmas Number, to all Kingstonians, his best wishes for A Merry Christmas and Prosperous Nineteen Fourteen.

KINGSTON—A TWENTIETH CENTURY CITY

The Limestone City, the most important in Eastern Ontario, has started out on a new career, fraught with great and glowing possibilities

New Industries

Locomotive Works Extension—To employ 1,200 men.
North American Smelting Co.—Smelter completed and in operation.
Buffalo-Ontario Smelting Co.—New smelter.
Kingston Brick & Tile Co.
Frontenac Floor & Tile Co.
Frontenac Iron Tubing Co.
A magnificent new bridge is being erected across Cataraqui River, the harbor is being deepened to meet the requirements of the future when the Welland Canal shall have been completed.
New industries are locating, new residences are being built, street pavements laid, and everywhere are evidences of a distinct civic improvement.



What We Have

Kingston has direct connection with three great railway trunk lines, the C.P.R., the G.T.R. and the C.N.R., and regular ferry service connection with the New York Central Lines.
Unexcelled transportation facilities are afforded by Lake Ontario, River St. Lawrence and the Rideau Lakes and Rivers.
Kingston offers the best obtainable to the family seeking a home, to the wage-earner seeking steady employment, or to the industry seeking a suitable location. Its educational advantages are among the best in the world; its shipping facilities by rail and water are unexcelled; its climate is delightful, its location one of natural beauty.



The great mineral resources of the county to the north are just now being appreciated. The iron, silver and lead smelters draw their raw material from this district, while the Frontenac Floor and Tile Company was induced, to a large extent, to locate here because of the large quantity of feldspar mined a few miles from Kingston; they require considerable of this mineral in the manufacture of their product.

Come and Grow with Kingston

